Kerstin Blodig
out of the woods
Stockfisch

1	Fause Fause	4:47
2	Out of the Woods 1 (Impro)	6:20
3	Jeg lagde meg så silde (Herr Ole)	5:34
4	The Raven	6:10
5	Solbønn	5:02
6	Liti Kjersti og elvekongjen	6:51
7	Out of the Woods 2 (Impro)	4:42
8	Våren din	4:15
9	The Power of the Moon	5:44
10	Nattergalen	5:15
11	The Ferryman	3:38
12	Out of the Woods 3 (Impro)	4:23
13	Den blomstertid nå kommer	3:00

Total - 65:50

Kerstin Blodig

out of the woods

Two of my biggest passions are music and nature.

When Günter suggested - for our first production together - that we go into the woods and record the album amongst nature, I just couldn't resist. Imagine playing and singing in the beautiful early summer forest, together with song thrush, chaffinch, nuthatch, blackbird and the odd insect humming on the light and warm summer breeze!

This is a collection of newly recorded favourite springtime songs from earlier albums, as well as brand new material, among them three really exciting improvisations, where we sat around the microphones in a circle and just jammed away.

I would like to take you on a musical journey from Norway across the North Sea to Scotland and back home again to the land of the trolls, elf kings and wood nymphs.

Enjoy!

Zwei große Leidenschaften in meinem Leben sind schon immer die Musik und die Natur gewesen.

Als Günter für unsere erste gemeinsame Produktion vorschlug, die Musik inmitten der Natur aufzunehmen, konnte ich der Versuchung nicht widerstehen! Man stelle sich vor, im Frühsommer auf einer sonnendurchfluteten Lichtung zusammen mit Singdrossel, Buchfink, Kleiber und Amsel zu singen und zu spielen, während ab und zu mal ein Insekt auf der lauen Sommerbrise vorbeisummt…

Dies ist eine Sammlung von neu aufgenommenen Lieblingsliedern zum Thema Frühling und komplett neuen Stücken, unter Anderem drei spannenden Improvisationen, bei denen wir im Kreis um die Mikrofone saßen und einfach losspielten.

Ich möchte Euch auf eine musikalische Reise mitnehmen: Von Norwegen über die Nordsee nach Schottland und zurück in's Land der Trolle, Elfen und Waldnymphen.

Viel Spaß dabei!

Kerstin

Fause fause hae ye been tae me my love
and often you've changed your mind
but noo you've laid your love on some other fair one
and I fear you are no more mine

I did climb intae a tree that was too high for me
seekin' fruit where there wasn't any growin'
and I've drawn warm water fae beneath cold clay
and against the stream I was rowin'

But I intend to climb to some far higher tree
and to harry a white snow flake's nest
and doon I will fall ay withoot any fear
tae the arms that lo'ed me the best

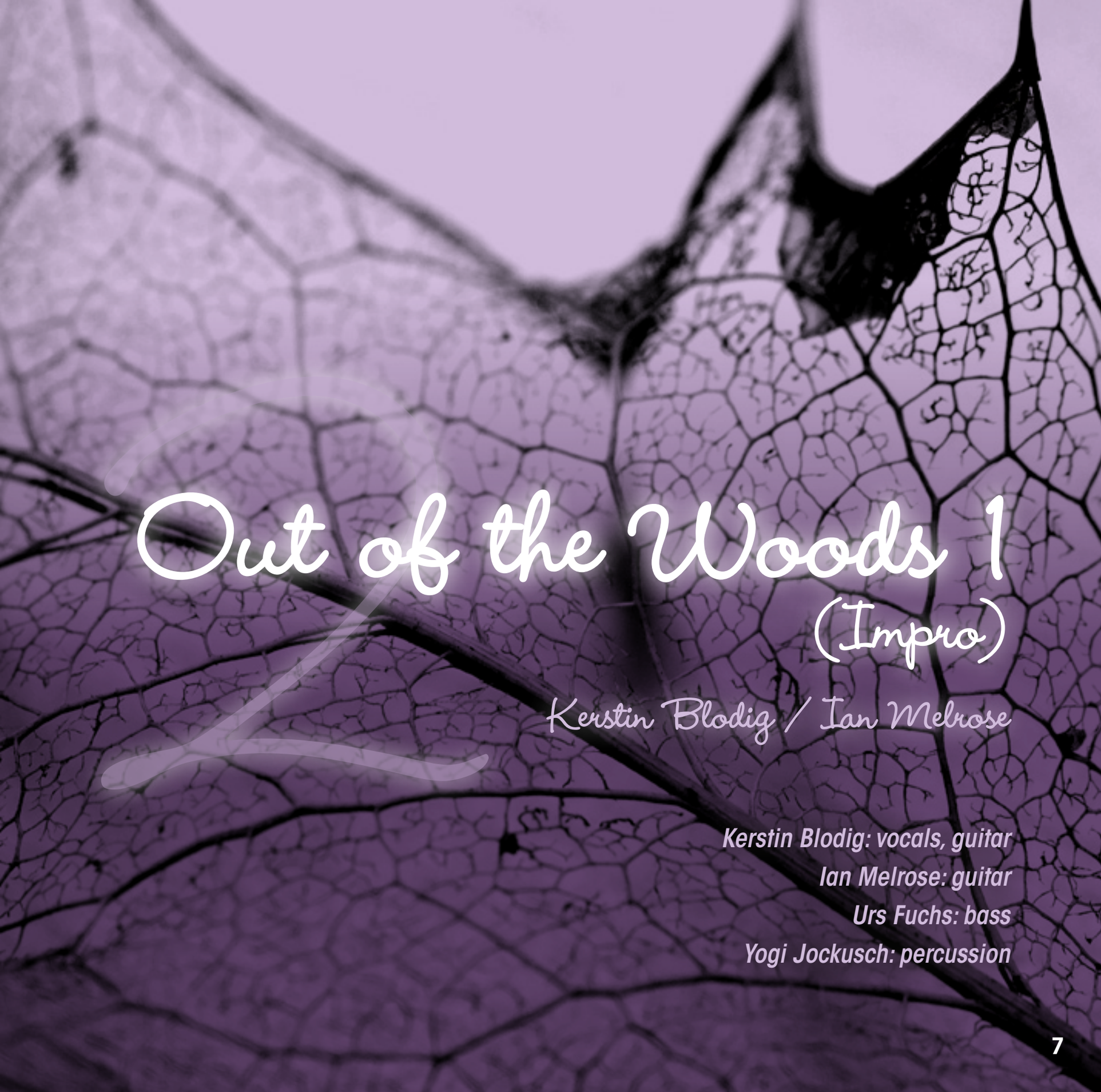
Fause Fause

trad. arr. Kerstin Blodig

A well-known melancholy love song from Scotland. Sung with a Scottish accent, it already sounds half Norwegian…

Ein wunderschönes schottisches Liebeslied, das sich, mit schottischem Dialekt gesungen, weit in Richtung Skandinavien lehnt.

Kerstin Blodig: vocals, guitar
Ian Melrose: electric guitar
Urs Fuchs: bass



Out of the Woods 1 (Impro)

Kerstin Blodig / Ian Melrose

Kerstin Blodig: vocals, guitar
Ian Melrose: guitar
Urs Fuchs: bass
Yogi Jockusch: percussion

Jeg lagde meg så silde alt sent om en kveld
jeg visste ingen kvide at have
da kom det et bud ifra kjæresten min
jeg måtte til henne bortfare

Ingen har jeg elsket over henne

Og alle de små fugler i skoven var
de voldte meg så stor en kvide
og alt det de kvitret og alt det de kvad
de sagde at jeg fortere skulle ride

Så red jeg meg fem stive mile frem
mens andere monne sødelig sove
og da jeg så kom til min elskedes hjem
da møtte jeg min sortkledde svoger

Så ganger jeg meg opp i det høyen loft
slik jeg pleiet van til at gjøre
der stande de jomfruer ute i flokk
at klede min kjærest til døde

Jeg gikk meg ut på den grønnen eng
der hørte jeg de klokker at ringe
ei annet jeg visste da solen kikket frem
enn at hjertet i stykker måtte springe

Ingen har jeg elsket over henne

I lay down to sleep so late one evening
I didn't have a care in the world
then came a messenger from my loved one
I had to travel to her

Nobody have I loved more than her

And all the small birds in the forest
caused me such anguish
for all that they chirped and all that they sang
they said that I should ride faster

So I rode five hard miles
while other people still slept sweetly
and as I approached my love's home
I met my black-clad brother-in-law

I went up to the highest loft
just as I used to do
there stood the maidens gathered round
to clothe my love for burial

As I went out into the green meadow
I heard the bells a-ringing
I didn't feel anything else
but my heart bursting into pieces

Nobody have I loved more than her

Jeg lagde meg så silde

(Herr Ole)

trad. arr. Kerstin Blodig / Ian Melrose

A well-known Norwegian folk ballad. One of my favourite songs of all time which also features in the Kelpie repertoire.

Eins der schönsten norwegische Volkslieder überhaupt. Ein Lieblingslied aus dem Kelpie-Repertoire.

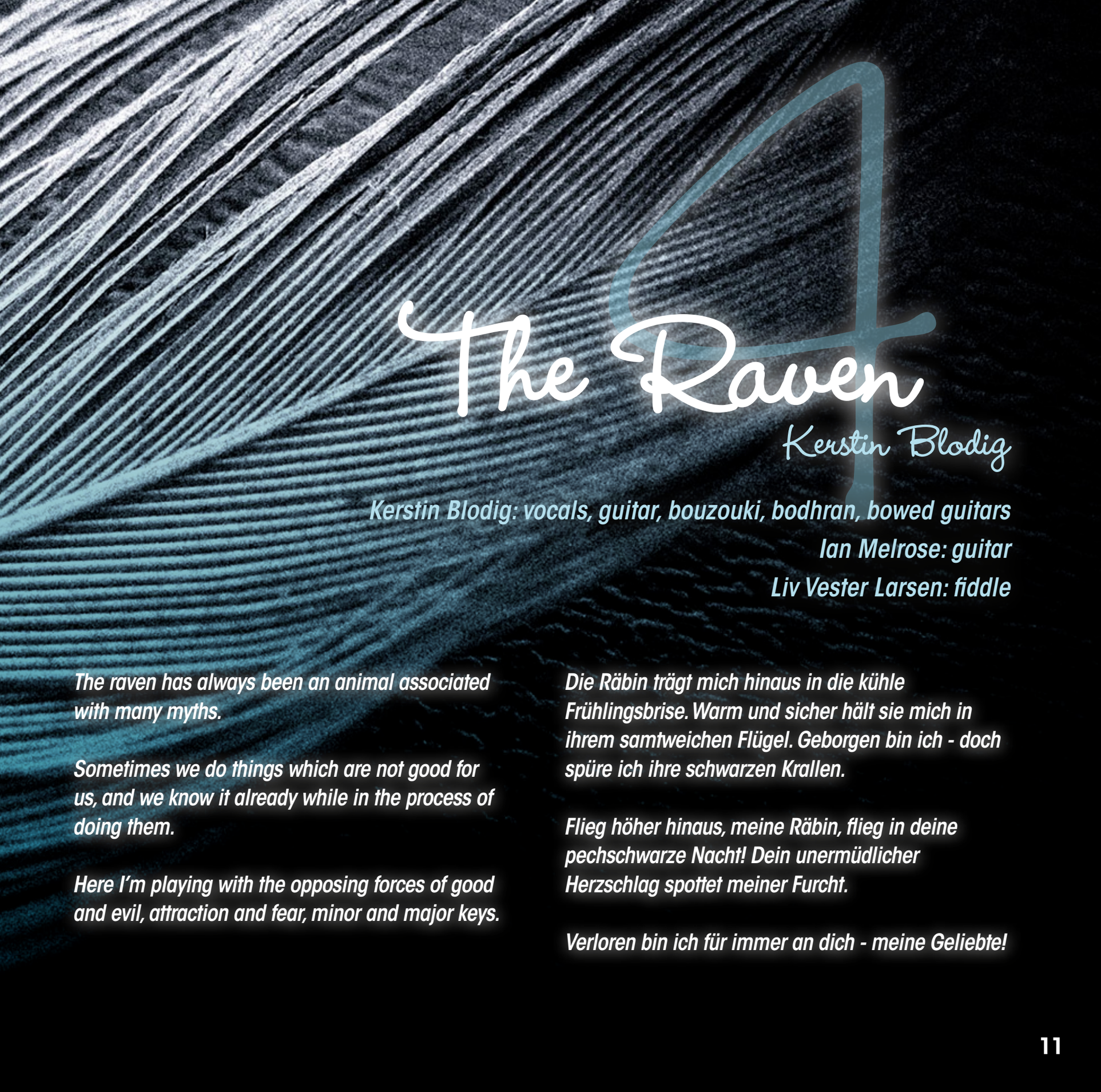
Kerstin Blodig: vocals, guitar
Ian Melrose: guitar
Liv Vester Larsen: fiddle
Urs Fuchs: bass
Yogi Jockusch: percussion

On flies the raven, a bird on the wing
don't fear me my darling, good tidings I'll bring
she takes me so lightly on the chill April breeze

A storin a grá, a storin mo chrí
a storin a grá, a storin mo chrí
(my darling, my loved one)

Tightly she holds me `neath her velvet black wing
wrapped in her warm feathers, I don't fear a thing
I sense her sharp claws, yet with her I flee

Fly on my raven, into your dark night
your heart-beat relentless, not minding my fright
so surely I am lost, shall I ever be free?



4 The Raven

Kerstin Blodig

Kerstin Blodig: vocals, guitar, bouzouki, bodhran, bowed guitars
Ian Melrose: guitar
Liv Vester Larsen: fiddle

The raven has always been an animal associated with many myths.

Sometimes we do things which are not good for us, and we know it already while in the process of doing them.

Here I'm playing with the opposing forces of good and evil, attraction and fear, minor and major keys.

Die Räbin trägt mich hinaus in die kühle Frühlingsbrise. Warm und sicher hält sie mich in ihrem samtweichen Flügel. Geborgen bin ich - doch spüre ich ihre schwarzen Krallen.

Flieg höher hinaus, meine Räbin, flieg in deine pechschwarze Nacht! Dein unermüdlicher Herzschlag spottet meiner Furcht.

Verloren bin ich für immer an dich - meine Geliebte!

Solbønn

Kerstin Blodig

A "Trollsang"- a magic spell! Up in the North the winters are very long and rather dark. Imagine the joy when the sun appears over the horizon once again! And the desperate longing for Springtime, nature awakening with the beautiful sounds of birds and the gorgeous smells of Spring, anticipating the warmth and the endless light of Summer!

Kerstin Blodig: vocals, guitar
Mia Gunberg Ådin: nykkelharpa

Ein „Trollsang" - ein Zauberspruch. Der altnordische Gott Odin hatte 16 dieser magischen Formeln für jede Gelegenheit. Hier ist ein „Trollsang" für die Sonne, die nach einem langen nordischen Winter endlich wieder über den Horizont kommen möge! Und mit ihr der Frühling, der die Natur wieder erwachen lässt, und der mit seiner Wärme, den wundervollen Düften, Farben und Vogelstimmen das nicht enden wollende Licht des Sommers verspricht.

Gje soli måtte skine
gje soli måtte skine

Over dæ, over mæ,
over topp, over tre,
over åker og eng

Over folk, over fe,
over hus, over hjem,
og over jomfru Marias silkjeseng

Lova lova line
soli måtte skine

Let the sun shine
Let the sun shine

on me and you
on hill and treetop
on field and meadow

On man and beast
on house and home
and on the Virgin Mary's silk bedding

Lova lova line
Let the sun shine!

Liti Kjersti og Elvekongjen

trad. arr. Kerstin Blodig

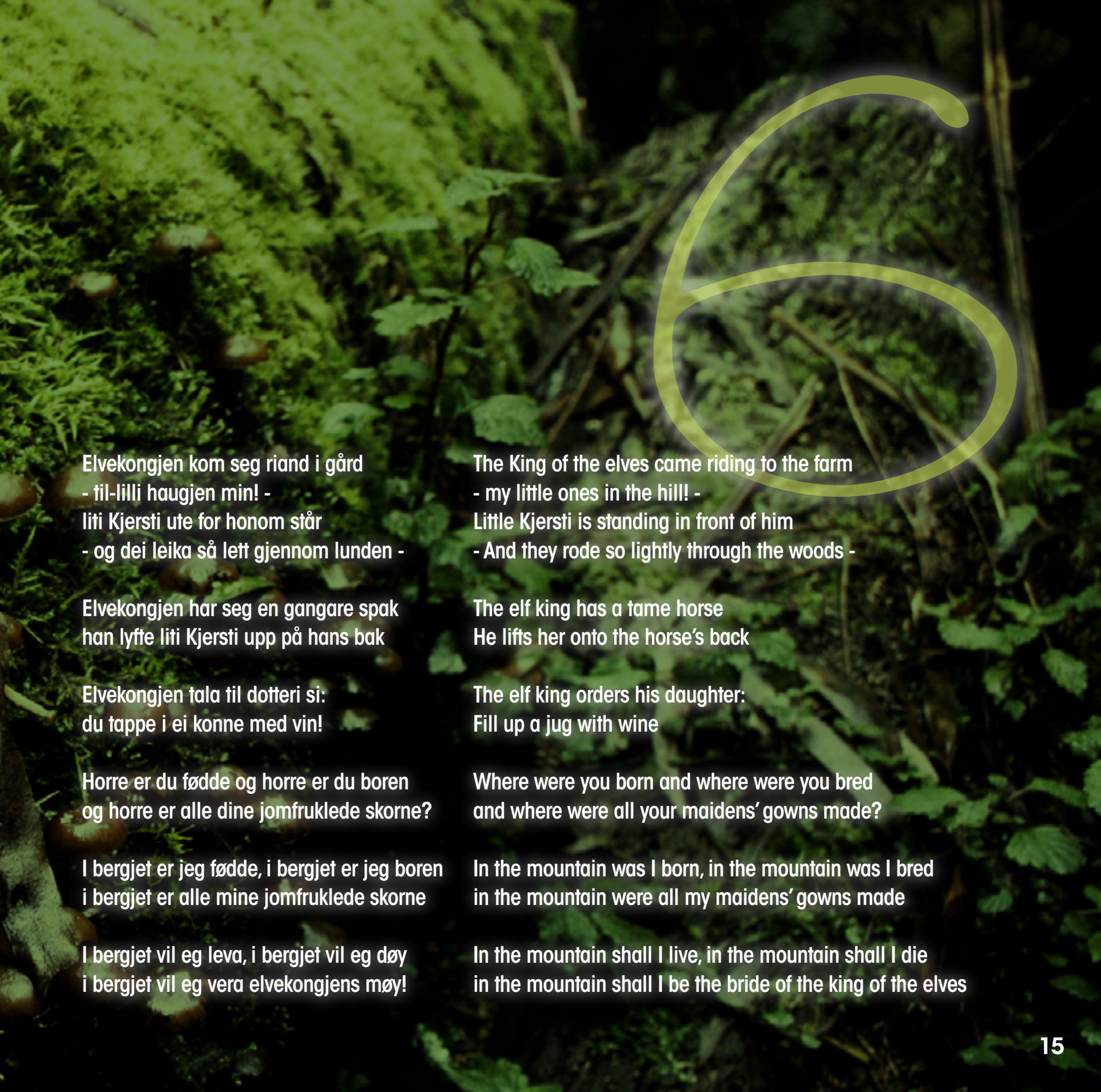
Kerstin Blodig: vocals, guitar

This is one of the many ballads about Kjersti and it's one of the shorter more condensed versions (the extended version to be found in M. B. Landstads "Norske folkeviser" can have up to 30 verses!). Liti Kjersti has been lured by the king of the elves' fancy presents and has given birth to a few children already, until one day her mother discovers her secret. Kjersti calls for the elf king, and they flee into his mountain home where she is welcomed by her own children. She has not completely become one of the trolls yet, so the elf king gives her some of his magic wine, which brainwashes her, so that she completely forgets about her former life as a christian.

Many people interpret this as a gruesome horror story, but I tried to musically point out the romantic/ erotic side of this eerie ballad.

Eine der vielen Balladenversionen über die junge Frau Kjersti, die vom Elfenkönig mit schönen Geschenken verführt worden ist und ihm bereits einige Kinder geboren hat. Eines Tages entdeckt Kjerstis Mutter ihr Geheimnis, Kjersti ruft den Elfenkönig herbei und sie fliehen in den Berg, in dem schon ihre Kleinen warten. Noch ist sie nicht in's Reich der Trolle übergetreten, doch der Elfenkönig gibt ihr einen Zaubertrunk, der sie ihre christliche Vergangenheit vollständig vergessen lässt.

Viele Leute sehen in der Ballade eine grausige Horrorgeschichte. Ich möchte durch mein musikalisches Arrangement eher die romantisch-erotischen Aspekte dieser faszinierenden Mittelalterballade erzählen.



6

Elvekongjen kom seg riand i gård
- til-lilli haugjen min! -
liti Kjersti ute for honom står
- og dei leika så lett gjennom lunden -

Elvekongjen har seg en gangare spak
han lyfte liti Kjersti upp på hans bak

Elvekongjen tala til dotteri si:
du tappe i ei konne med vin!

Horre er du fødde og horre er du boren
og horre er alle dine jomfruklede skorne?

I bergjet er jeg fødde, i bergjet er jeg boren
i bergjet er alle mine jomfruklede skorne

I bergjet vil eg leva, i bergjet vil eg døy
i bergjet vil eg vera elvekongjens møy!

The King of the elves came riding to the farm
- my little ones in the hill! -
Little Kjersti is standing in front of him
- And they rode so lightly through the woods -

The elf king has a tame horse
He lifts her onto the horse's back

The elf king orders his daughter:
Fill up a jug with wine

Where were you born and where were you bred
and where were all your maidens' gowns made?

In the mountain was I born, in the mountain was I bred
in the mountain were all my maidens' gowns made

In the mountain shall I live, in the mountain shall I die
in the mountain shall I be the bride of the king of the elves

7 Out of the Woods 2 (Impro)

Kerstin Blodig / Ian Melrose

An improvisation incorporating a "slåttestev" - a sung dance tune - which I once learned from the singing of Kirsten Bråten Berg.

Eine der Waldimprovisationen, bei der plötzlich ein „slåttestev" eine gesungene Tanzmelodie aus Setesdal auftauchte. Vor vielen Jahren von Kirsten Bråten Berg gelernt.

Kerstin Blodig: vocals, guitar
Ian Melrose: seljefløyte
Urs Fuchs: bass
Yogi Jockusch: percussion

Våren din

Kerstin Blodig

A spring song with lyrics greatly inspired by our friend, the poet Eldrup A. Hansen, in Arendal.

Der Text basiert auf einem Frühlingsgedicht von unserem Freund Eldrup Hansen, einem Dichter in Südnorwegen - in Arendal

Eg skal være våren din
eg skal gje deg favnen full av vakre blommar

Eg skal være våren din
eg skal leggja deg ned i grønt gras

Eg skal være våren din
eg skal skine som ei sol berre for deg

Kjenner du kjærleiken, blommane og
ljoset eg sender ut, så
tek såleis imot min vår, då vill berre
eg væra din vår

I shall be your spring
I shall give you an armful of beautiful flowers

I shall be your spring
I shall lay you down into the green grass

I shall be your spring
I shall shine like the sun, only for you

Do you feel the love, the flowers and
the light I'm sending out,
just take my offerings, and I shall just
be your spring

Kerstin Blodig: vocals, guitar / Ian Melrose: whistle, guitar / Urs Fuchs: bass

I walk around, restlessly
looking for alleviation
feel a ghost's spell all over me
like the moon's power o'er the sea
which far, far away
causes trouble in the sea
causes change of tides
ebb and flow
there's trouble in my soul

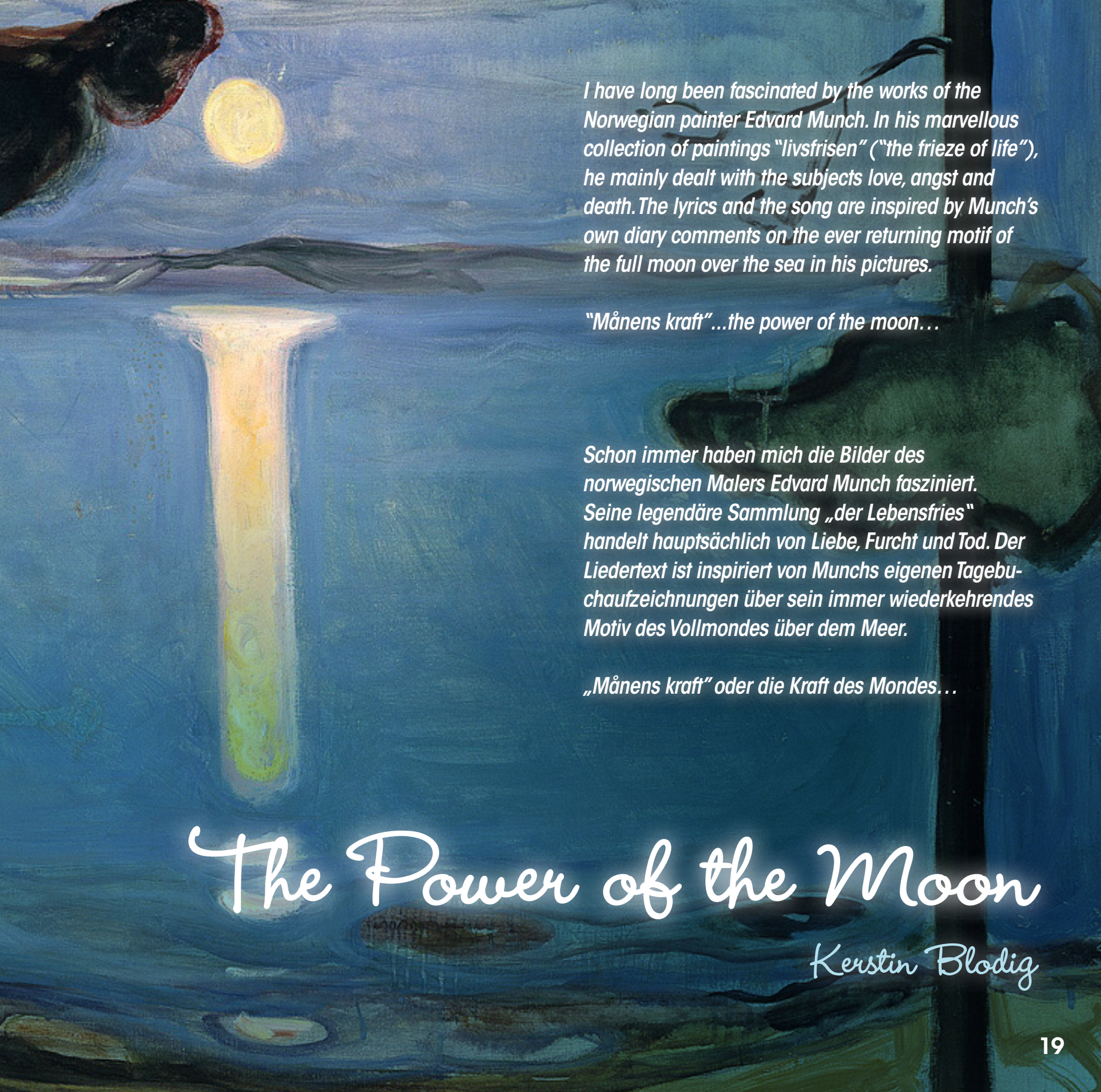
The power of the moon
the power of the moon
the power of the moon
and my body's atoms
they have changed
they have changed position

You look at me, mocking me
you're grinning with your pale round face
you're the moon watching over me
you're the secret ruler of the sea
which far, far away
causes trouble in the sea
causes change of tides
ebb and flow
there's trouble in my soul

In the dark green water
I see the colour of his eyes
far out there
the soft line where the air meets the sky
it's intangeable like death
and life is like this still surface
far out there
it reflects the light colours of the air
but it hides its depth
with its slime, its vermin - like death

Kerstin Blodig: vocals, guitar
Urs Fuchs: bass
Manfred Leuchter: accordion

Edvard Munch "Måneskinn (Moon Light)", 1895



I have long been fascinated by the works of the Norwegian painter Edvard Munch. In his marvellous collection of paintings "livsfrisen" ("the frieze of life"), he mainly dealt with the subjects love, angst and death. The lyrics and the song are inspired by Munch's own diary comments on the ever returning motif of the full moon over the sea in his pictures.

"Månens kraft"...the power of the moon…

Schon immer haben mich die Bilder des norwegischen Malers Edvard Munch fasziniert. Seine legendäre Sammlung „der Lebensfries" handelt hauptsächlich von Liebe, Furcht und Tod. Der Liedertext ist inspiriert von Munchs eigenen Tagebuchaufzeichnungen über sein immer wiederkehrendes Motiv des Vollmondes über dem Meer.

„Månens kraft" oder die Kraft des Mondes…

The Power of the Moon

Kerstin Blodig

En sommerdags aften i rolighetslund
spaserte jeg blant blomstene skjønne
jeg taus av forundring sto stille en stund
og hørte på nattergals stemme

Da kom det en ridder ridenes dit
han hørte den nattergal sjunge
derover han storlig forundrede seg
thi det var ved midnatts tide

Oh hør du liten nattergal
en vise jeg beder deg kvede
dine fjær jeg lar med gull beslå
din hals med perler beklede

Jeg passer ei dine fjær av gull
som jeg skulle for deg bære
i verden så er jeg en fremmed vill fugl
og ingen mann monne meg kjenne

I mellom fjell og dyben dal
der rinner de stridende strømme
men den som har en fulltro venn
han ganger så sent å glemme

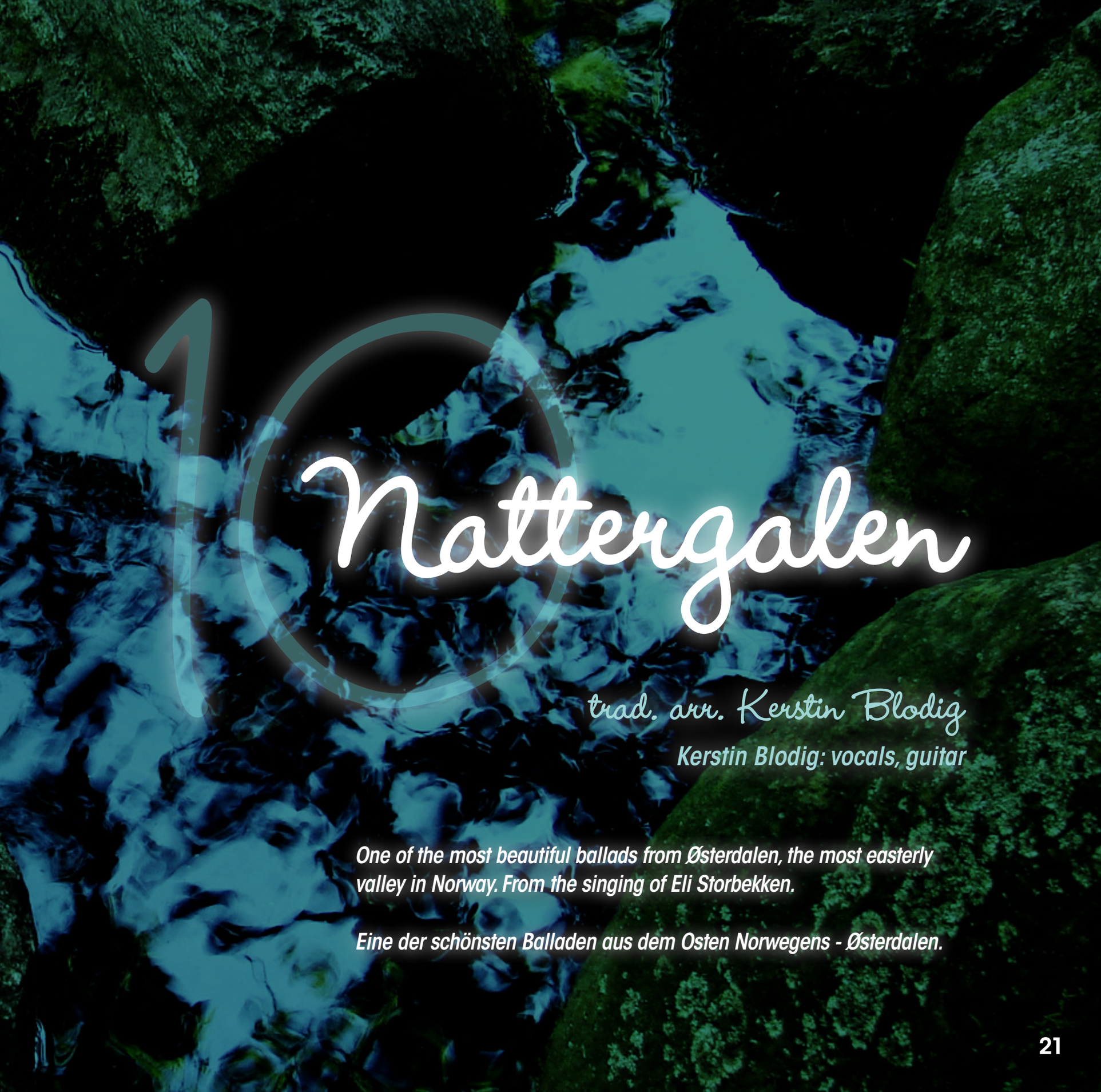
A summer night's evening in the still woods
I walked among the flowers so beautiful
when I had to stand still for a while
and listen to the nightingale singing

There came a knight a-riding
he heard the nightingale's song
he halted in surprise
for it was around midnight

Oh listen, little nightingale
a song I plead you sing
your feathers I shall cover with gold
and put pearls around your neck

your golden feathers don't fit me
which I should wear for you
in this world, I am but a strange bird of the wild
and no-one knows me

Between the mountains and deep dales
run the striding streams
but he who has a true friend
does not ever forsake him



10 Nattergalen

trad. arr. Kerstin Blodig

Kerstin Blodig: vocals, guitar

One of the most beautiful ballads from Østerdalen, the most easterly valley in Norway. From the singing of Eli Storbekken.

Eine der schönsten Balladen aus dem Osten Norwegens - Østerdalen.

Many years have passed
many times you've wondered why you're here
seasons come and go
they wave goodbye and never shed a tear
red flames in the fireplace
deepen lines upon your face
infinite and timeless grace
in chronicles of time

Now you're sailing away with the ferryman
just to try your luck in another land

All those memories
veiled, exquisite moments of the past
silence was your friend
the wind, it whispered sweet things through the grass
bearers of the ancient power
visit in the hidden hour
one will stoop and kiss your brow
and lift your spirit high

Sailing away with the ferryman

just to try your luck in another land

11

A haunting song written by my partner Ian, about the journey from this world into the afterlife.

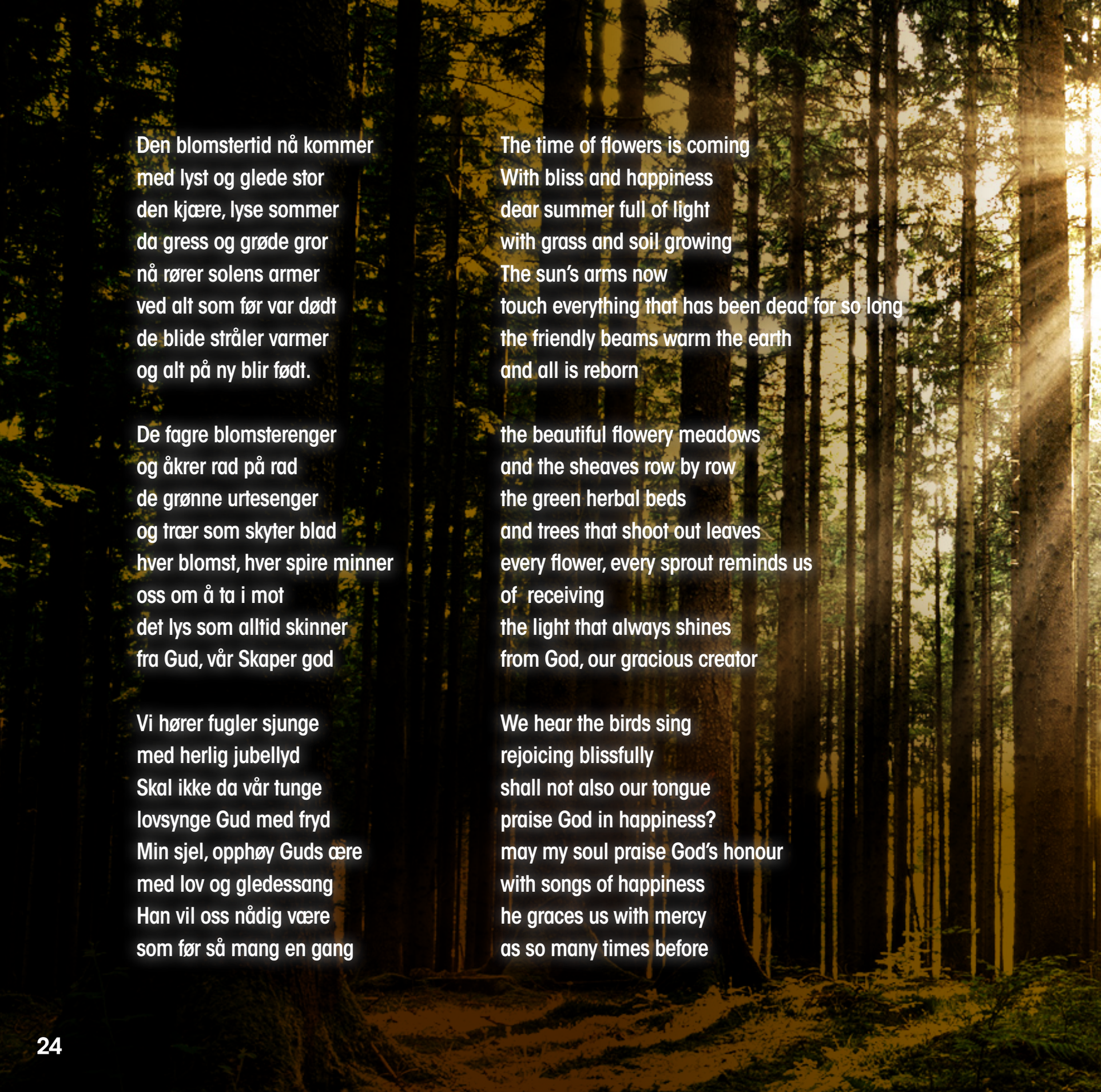
Ein wunderschönes von meinem Partner Ian geschriebenes Lied über die Reise aus diesem Leben ins Jenseits.

Kerstin Blodig: vocals, guitar
Ian Melrose: guitar, whistles, vocals
Urs Fuchs: bass, vocals
Yogi Jockusch: percussion

The Ferryman

Ian Melrose

12
Out of the Woods 3
(Impro)
Kerstin Blodig / Ian Melrose
Kerstin Blodig: vocals, guitar
Ian Melrose: guitar
Urs Fuchs: double bass
Yogi Jockusch: percussion



Den blomstertid nå kommer
med lyst og glede stor
den kjære, lyse sommer
da gress og grøde gror
nå rører solens armer
ved alt som før var dødt
de blide stråler varmer
og alt på ny blir født.

De fagre blomsterenger
og åkrer rad på rad
de grønne urtesenger
og trær som skyter blad
hver blomst, hver spire minner
oss om å ta i mot
det lys som alltid skinner
fra Gud, vår Skaper god

Vi hører fugler sjunge
med herlig jubellyd
Skal ikke da vår tunge
lovsynge Gud med fryd
Min sjel, opphøy Guds ære
med lov og gledessang
Han vil oss nådig være
som før så mang en gang

The time of flowers is coming
With bliss and happiness
dear summer full of light
with grass and soil growing
The sun's arms now
touch everything that has been dead for so long
the friendly beams warm the earth
and all is reborn

the beautiful flowery meadows
and the sheaves row by row
the green herbal beds
and trees that shoot out leaves
every flower, every sprout reminds us
of receiving
the light that always shines
from God, our gracious creator

We hear the birds sing
rejoicing blissfully
shall not also our tongue
praise God in happiness?
may my soul praise God's honour
with songs of happiness
he graces us with mercy
as so many times before

A psalm learnt from Swedish singer Lena Willemark. I'm singing three verses of the Norwegian translation from "Norsk salmebok" also known as Landstads salmebok, translated in 1861.

Ein Psalm, den ich von der schwedischen Sängerin Lena Willemark gelernt habe. Ich singe drei Strophen der norwegischen Übersetzung aus dem „norwegischen Psalmenbuch", auch „Landstads salmebok" - M.B. Landstads Übersetzung von 1861.

Den blomstertid nå kommer

trad. arr. Kerstin Blodig

Kerstin Blodig: vocals

Kerstin Blodig plays a
Gibson L-60 guitar and sings with
the voice of a non-smoker.

tusen takk til / special thanks to:

my wonderful partner in life,
music and Kelpie, Ian Melrose,
my amazing colleagues Urs
Fuchs, Jogi Yockusch, Mia
Gunberg Ådin, Liv Vester Larsen
and Manfred Leuchter, my
"ornithology consultant" and
wonderful Dad and lille Mino,
Jörg Surrey, Monica Brenna and
the whole Stockfisch family.

Produced and recorded by Günter Pauler

Recorded in the forest of Gieseberg, Moringen, Germany, June 2011

SACD and CD-PreMastering by Hans-Jörg Maucksch at Pauler Acoustics
Recording assistance Inés Breuer
Mastering monitors B&W Bowers & Wilkins 801 D

Photography cover Ian Melrose
portrait Walter Blodig
session Inés Breuer
nature www.sxc.hu
Painting Edvard Munch "Måneskinn (Moon Light)", 1895
Graphic design Percy Chan

Kerstin Blodig
vocals, guitar, bodhrán, bouzouki

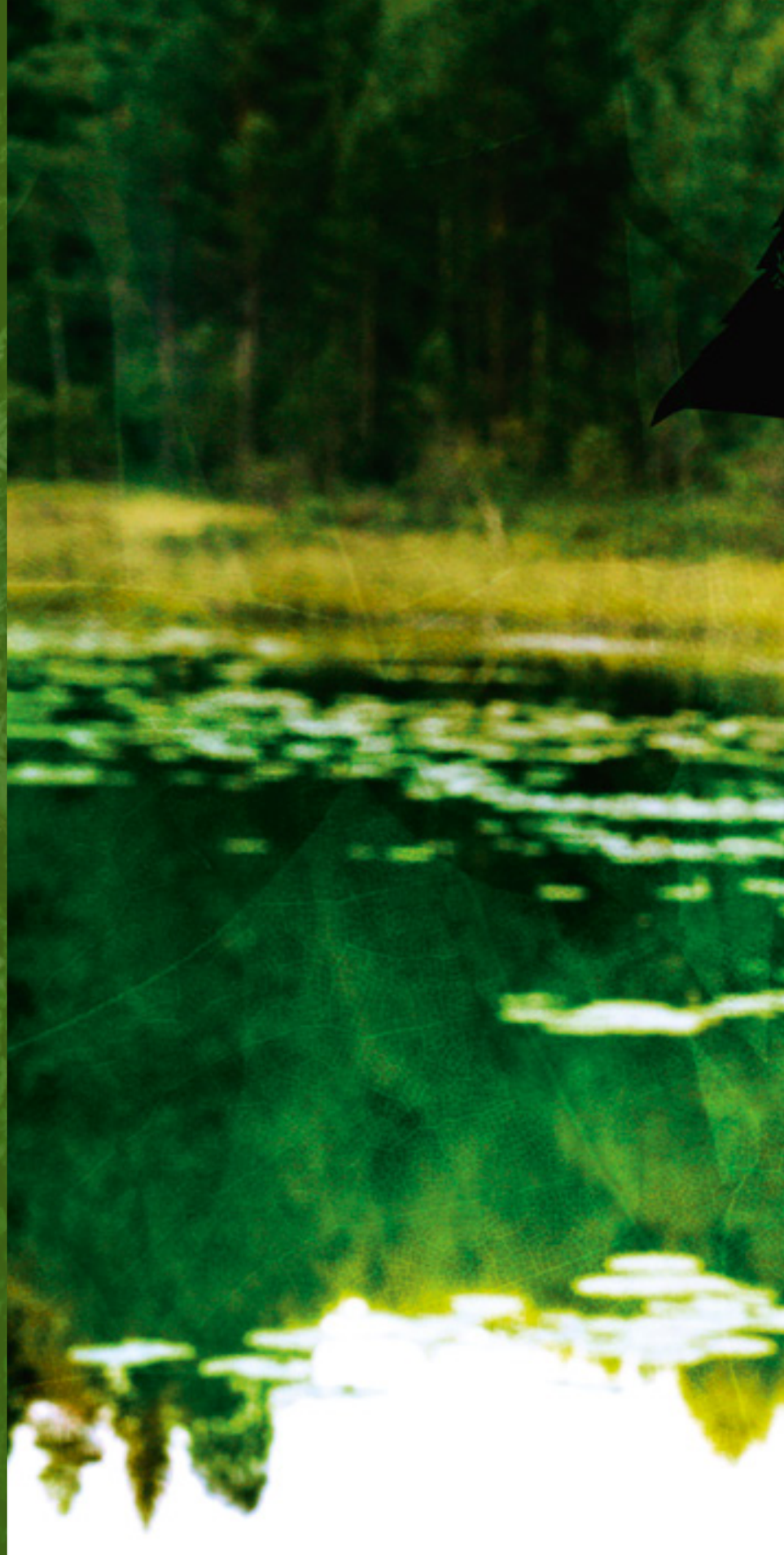
Ian Melrose
acoustic & electric guitar,
whistles, seljefløyte, vocals

Urs Fuchs
electric bass, double bass, vocals

Mia Gunberg Ådin
nykkelharpa

Liv Vester Larsen
fiddle

Manfred Leuchter
accordion

Yogi Jockusch
percussion

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